

The Critic

J. L. & J. B. GILDER, EDITORS.

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The Plot of the New Novel.

IN the old days, when a man had a story to tell, at the fireside or in the country tavern, something in his manner—a peculiar twitching of the mouth, or a twinkle at the corner of the eye—forewarned the hearer of a good thing coming. His attention was arrested; he was held on tiptoe, as it were, with hand on latch, or with a decoction of apple juice and something stronger half way to the lips, while the eye revolved in expectancy about the upper brass buttons of the narrator's old blue coat. The very manner of the story-teller called a halt in processes that were, in each particular case, important to the listener. While the audience thus stood opening all avenues to the approach of fine humor or a taking adventure, the story-teller, be he short- or long-winded, was bound to reach a choice and ripe conclusion. The end of his tale must bear a suitable proportion and relation to the beginning, or the door would close with a slam, the tumbler, emptied of its decoction, go down with a bang, and the narrator find no further audience in that company. Men will bear a discursive, even a somewhat prolix story-teller, but never a pointless one. A story is a feast to which one is invited to score a gain, not a loss. Your host, who may or may not know of your peculiar indigestion, is bound to make it no worse than it was. Delicate tidbits at the beginning of the feast raise the expectation, and the guest looks for nuts and raisins, or their equivalent, at the end. The host who rises after the fourth remove, announcing that the cook has a prejudice against desserts, must not be disappointed if his guests' compliments taper off into growls.

How often we rise of late from the perusal of a witty and really fine novel, with a sense of being defrauded of our time and opportunities, from just this failure of the novelist to temper his promises to the character of his entertainment, or from his unwillingness to tax his imagination a little to make his fulfilment equal our just expectation. How can we be expected to care for his theory of human life—that it is unsatisfactory; or of man—that he is so often a 'demm'd, damp, moist, unpleasant body?' We have had experience enough of this fact; we would bury it and forget it. We are well aware that hardly one scene of nature's in a thousand is worthy to be painted; but we want that one scene on our walls, and not the other fragment of a thousand. 'Nature is lavish of her blossoms in the spring,' says the modern seer, 'but chary of her fruit in the autumn, and we must remember Nature.' To which we reply, that she often loads an apple tree with golden glory in October, that was only blushing pink with promise in May; and it is only that kind of apple-tree that the wise farmer cares to plant.

We will gladly follow the fortunes of our hero through whatever devious windings, provided we may see him at last basking in the sunshine of some sweet valley or glorious hill-top; but we do not feel paid when at the last we find

him disfigured, discolored, and disintegrated. We are not over fond of tragedy, unless it be of that kind where virtue, fortitude and honor survive and are crowned, in lieu of the mere *persons* of the hero and heroine. But when the tragedy is a street fight, and the triumph of virtue resolves itself into the survival of the fittest gutter-snipe, we button up our coats, readjust our spectacles, and walk on, grumbling at the detention. The favorite plot of the novelist nowadays—is it anything more than a process of disintegration? Disintegration is of course a natural process. Dissolution never ceases in nature; but these are not pleasant processes to follow. Though useful to the student of disease, they are surely not advantageous to the invalid searching for health; and most of us, in our moments of novel-reading, are to be classed in the category of invalids. In nature, fortunately, every process of disintegration is accompanied by another and sweeter one of reintegration. New life is ever seizing upon the resolved particles to press them to new uses. New love is reforming the elements into shapes of beauty. Chemical attraction and fresh pairing-off are going on forever. Youth is the natural offspring of decay; and the sanity of the world depends on our fixing the eye on this ultimate rejuvenation. The great plot of nature lies mainly in this recovery of her forms and attractions by whatever methods and through whatever agencies. Youth, which is healthy, hardly recognizes the possibility of failure. Manhood, which is sane, insists on success as a necessity of nature. Our healthiest science recognizes the eternal vitality of the healthy essences. And should it not be so with the novelist? Has it not always been so with the commanding novelist? His plot as a whole involves the presence of evil as a disintegrating factor, but it rests its strength on the superior might of goodness which in some shape triumphs at last. The disintegration is but a part of the plot; the recovery is the better half. It requires the whole plot to make *wholesome* reading, and the whole to represent nature truly. Do our novelists of to-day take this view? Are they plotting for the survival of the noblest? Or are they forgetting the beautiful plan of nature in its entirety, and tracing only the preliminary disintegration, as if that were the end of all processes?

The observer of American politics, standing on the continent of Europe, previous to the year 1860, saw in the conditions of our life then only the rottenness of decay; and yet within four years from that time the fetters had fallen from five millions of slaves, and a mental, moral, and physical vigor had developed itself that meant two centuries of stored vitality. The observation of Europe was superficial and limited. America has presented to the spectator in the Old World a succession of surprises as regards the vigor of a people when left to their own guidance politically; and, although there is a vast deal of our vitality expended at present on the task of assimilating alien material—the dynamiters and the Sir Lepel Griffins of Europe,—America will yet surprise Europe by the vigor of her social constitution and the success of her policy of liberality to the social unit—the individual. In this direction our novelists have a great work to do, which should not be wholly one of tracing the processes of disintegration. Beneath our generosity to the individual lies a far-reaching plot, as beautiful as nature's; not to be tested by the vagaries of a few, but by crises in the national life, like the recent change in the national Government. There is a vast disintegration going on, not only in America but over the civilized world, in church and state; but it no more means a loss of vital powers now than when the same process accompanied the introduction of Christianity into the Roman Empire, or the Reformation into Europe. America shows with Europe the uncertainties accompanying the amelioration of church severity, the re-arrangement of woman's relation to society, the extension of franchise rights, and a thousand lesser changes; but why should the novelist, who pursues the details of these changes, fail to see that the social plot, like nature's,

has a deep-lying current in the direction of success? Why should he not, like Scott and Thackeray and Dickens, stand off and keep a cheerful eye—and let us too keep a cheerful eye—on the ultimate healthfulness of those disturbing changes? That physician helps me most who mixes his medicine with a smile, and an assurance that my disease is only a temporary disarrangement.

Reviews

Mr. Shinn's "Mining-Camps."*

THE GREAT WEST has had its story-teller and its poet, and now, at last, in one of its characteristic phases at least, it has its historian. Its laureate had sung its Sierras; its story-teller had gathered into a brilliant focus its 'Lost Tales of Miletus' and its Argonautic expeditions; and it only remained for the public economist, the student of institutional and social history, and the recorder of the phenomena of mining life, in all their quaintness, flavor, and aroma, to glean in a final field and garner for us the socialistic and political facts and aspects of an epoch now rapidly passing away. As usual, the poets sang first; then the story-tellers and romancers 'snuffed the battle from afar'—transfiguring and glorifying; while the sober *epigoni* came last of all, explaining in what rich soil all this poetry and romance struck its roots, whereon were based the rhymes of Miller and the romances of Bret Harte, and wherein consists the peculiar essence and individuality of Californian and Territorial life.

We had no idea till we took up Mr. Shinn's book how interesting a phase of social and legal civilization had gone on developing under our very noses, without our having even an inkling of it. We were like those obtuse, or rather very select, members of the animal kingdom that are sensitive only to the azure rays of light: the poetry and picturesqueness of the situation had long ago reached us, but the facts were as yet only on the way. Mr. Shinn defines his ground very clearly when he says that his investigations were as far removed, on the one hand, from a technical history of mining, as they were removed, on the other, from a digest of mining decisions. 'The book is primarily a study of the mining-camp commonwealths; that is, of those States and Territories in the remote West whose development has been under conditions widely different from those that prevailed on the Atlantic slope and in the Mississippi valley.' In the growth and unfolding of institutions in these distant regions—in that New West beyond the rocky borders of Nebraska and the remote sources of the Missouri,—American pioneers have shown their hereditary fitness for self-government under exceptionally trying conditions. They have wrought out, and are still extending into new regions, local institutions in the highest sense their own. Their State life, growth of law, crystallization of society, largely come from small settlements known as mining-camps, and from a social organization presenting remarkable political and economic features. So strong, natural, and impressive has been the display in these camps of a capacity for organization of the highest order, that the episode known in the West as the mining-era deserves to be called a stanza in the political epic of the Germanic race to which we belong. A very striking illustration of the value of the economic and judicial problems solved in these Territorial *nuclei* is, that they now form a body of observance and precedent known as the 'American system of mining-law'—a system, Mr. Shinn tells us, that is now honored throughout the civilized world, and that forms the basis of mining-jurisprudence in many of the newer gold-regions of other countries. In twenty-five chapters the author compresses a microcosm of Western life, treating of the missions of the Pacific coast, Spanish town-government, California camps in the days of '48 and '49, the earliest mining-courts and their influence on State life,

camp organization, the miners' justice of the peace, difficulties with foreigners in various camps, mob law, local land-laws from '48 to '84, extension and permanent influence of mining-camp law, and its effects, social and intellectual, on Western development. It is a questionable compliment to say that a fine talker 'talks like a book,' or that a good book is as 'interesting as a romance.' However that may be, we can truly say that this is one of the most useful and valuable works which a former member of Johns Hopkins University has yet given to the public.

The Highlands of East Africa.*

HERE is a capital story, told as David told to Saul the story of the lion and the bear, and by one scarce older than the shepherd lad. Joseph Thomson is not a grizzled campaigner, but a young Scotchman twenty-six years old. Yet this is his second African trip. He is the same who wrote 'To the Central African Lakes and Back.' His breezy off-hand style shows him to be a genuine Mark Tapley. The Royal Geographical Society, which has done so much noble work in exploring the earth's surface, is not made up entirely of theorists and easy-chair students. It sends out costly and well-equipped expeditions to discover new water-sheds, river-sources, trade-routes, and whatever will increase knowledge, civilization, and commerce. It wished to know whether a caravan route could be opened from Victoria Nyanza to the coast. This section of East Africa, even on the map of the last and still unfinished edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' is bare, and marked as unexplored, except that the names of Mounts Kenia and Kilimanjaro are known. Western Central and South Africa being comparatively well explored, Mr. Thomson begins the opening chapter in the exploration of the East Central portion of the Dark Continent.

Starting from Mombasa on the coast, the explorer's route was mostly through highlands, and in sight of snow-clad volcanic mountains. His path was in equatorial Africa, over a diagonal strip between 5° S. Lat. and 1° N. Lat. Masai Land, from which he names his book, is the home of a powerful tribe of blacks. These highlanders he declares are the best blacksmiths on the continent, and are noted for their strength and fierceness, their metal work, and their fondness for iron ornaments. Large portions of the attire of ladies and gentlemen in Masai Land are composed of telegraph wire. Of the one hundred and thirteen porters under Mr. Thompson's command, twenty-nine were loaded with beads and thirty-four with copper, brass, and iron wire. The others bore scientific instruments, and personal and camp equipage. With several more or less intelligent black assistants and James Martin, a white sailor, the expedition started on March 15, 1883, and occupied in all fourteen months. Fortunately for the path-finder, 'Martin had no opinions of his own'—a very important qualification of a helper in African exploration. Mr. Thomson's motto as a traveller is the Italian distich:

Chi va piano va sano;
Chi va sano, va lontano.

'Who goes slowly goes safely, and who goes safely goes far.' Cautiously he held control of his men, and safely he faced the dreaded Masai and their shovel-headed spears. Avoiding battle, by presents and pluck, and occasionally by retreat, he reached the Victoria Nyanza. He describes the country as mostly fertile, amazingly full of game, and marked by numerous indications of metallic wealth; and he believes the prospects of a profitable caravan trade excellent. His narrative abounds in thrilling adventures which stir the blood. Mr. T. B. Aldrich has somewhere said that you can generally tell beforehand what an African traveller will say; but even he would find in this book much that is novel. One unexpected revelation is that the only lion shot by Mr.

* Mining Camps: A Study in American Frontier Government. By C. H. Shinn. 3s. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Through Masai Land. By Joseph Thomson, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. 5s. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Thomson was already dead when fired at. The descriptions of game and scenery indicate that sportsmen and tourists will soon visit Masai Land, as surely as will the British merchant and commercial traveller. No land on earth is now safe from the prospective ravages of Cook and Jenkins. The route and geological map, the paper, print and copious illustrations from photographs, the tables and index, make this book *the* African book of the year.

"American Political Ideas."*

UNDER the above title Mr. John Fiske has published the three lectures he gave before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in May, 1880. The same lectures have been frequently repeated in this country. They exalt the United States as much as any American could desire. They are full of glorification of American institutions, and will serve as a very good off-set to the works of their detractors. As was to have been expected of Mr. Fiske, he bases his conclusions on a careful and a faithful study of history. He gives good and sufficient reasons for the political faith which is in him. In his first lecture he describes the New England town-meeting—an institution not to be found in its purity anywhere else. He traces the origin of that democratic gathering through the conditions to be found in England at the time the American colonies were settled, and even farther back, to the folk-meetings of the Aryan peoples throughout Europe in primitive times. He finds that the New England town-meeting is a revival of the ancient 'mark-mote,' which was partly suppressed in Europe during the period of feudalism, but which reappeared here almost in its purity. In the second lecture he traces the history of federation from the earliest times, showing why the Greek cities failed to grow into stable states. In this lecture Mr. Fiske shows his ability as a philosophic student of history, pointing out the causes of the failure of Greece and Rome in a manner to throw fresh light on the career of those classic nations. Not less interesting and suggestive is his treatment of the modern attempts at federation. Because the Romans could not grasp the idea of a representative government, they failed to hold their place as the leaders of the world. After Europe was divided into many nations, it was impossible to secure federation except under peculiar circumstances. In the case of Switzerland isolation made success possible. It was also the peculiar character of England as an island which made it possible for a free government to develop itself there. The concluding lecture traces the wonderful growth of the English-speaking peoples during the last hundred years, and prophesies for them the leadership of the world by the end of another century. Mr. Fiske also concludes that a universal federation of the leading nations is to be looked for in the not remote future—a federation in behalf of peace and the general welfare.

Magruder's "John Marshall."†

JOHN MARSHALL stands next to the greatest men of the early period of our history as a nation. He certainly deserves to be classed among American statesmen as one of the first in influence and in ability. As the chief defender of the Constitution with Madison, as a Member of Congress, as the Secretary of State under John Adams, and as a Chief Justice, his work was of the highest importance. As a leading advocate of the policy of Washington during the eight years of his Presidency, and as the biographer of Washington, he deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by the American people. In shaping the policy and the character of our Government during the first twenty-five years of its existence, his influence was of lasting value. His career is outlined clearly by Mr. Magruder, who has written a read-

able book about the great Chief Justice. It is not a book of critical judgment and of insight into political causes. Such a book ought to have been written about Marshall for this series; but Mr. Magruder has done no more than tell the story of Marshall's life fairly well. If he had done even this in an independent manner, we might not complain; but unfortunately he has not. He says in his preface that he has freely availed himself of Mr. Henry Flanders's biography of Marshall in his 'Lives and Times of the Chief Justices.' He has done much more than this, however; for he evidently wrote his book with the other constantly in his hand. A careful comparison of the two works shows most clearly that Mr. Magruder has followed Mr. Flanders throughout, and without any original investigation of his own. Even the chapter arrangement in the two books is almost identical. The quotations from and about Marshall with which Flanders's book is well filled, have been taken bodily from that work and transferred to Magruder's. They begin at the same word and end at the same word, and are introduced by the same expressions. Not all of Flanders's quotations are used by Magruder, but he has made none which are not taken from Flanders. Not only this, but he has taken paragraphs from his predecessor again and again with the change of but a word here and there. The book is a fairly good one, but it was written in a manner for which not a word of justification can be said. It is a serious discredit to the series of excellent books on the American statesmen that such a work could have found entrance to it.

Meyer's Commentary on the New Testament.*

FOR many years the great Commentary of Meyer on the New Testament has been the standard work of the kind. From its size and its learned character it has not before been translated into English; but there is no other work at once so comprehensive and so thorough. When it is claimed that it is the best critical and exegetical Commentary on the New Testament which the scholarship of the Christian Church has ever given to the world, the claim is in no degree extravagant. Of course, it is in no sense a popular work, or fitted to the wants of pastors and Sunday-School teachers; it is a work for scholars, and for those making a minute and first-hand study of the New Testament. Not an extremist in any direction, Dr. Meyer had a genius for the kind of work he undertook, and a penetrating insight into what is of the most importance. He deals with the minute matters of scholarship, it is true, but in a spirit that is broad and generous. His comments are on the Greek text, and they enter fully into the questions of grammar, right usage of words, etc., which are so important to a right comprehension of the New Testament. The whole work is comprised in eight large volumes, of which those on the Acts of the Apostles and Romans have already been seen. Those on Matthew, John, and the two Epistles to the Corinthians, are now before us. The translation was made in England by a number of eminent scholars. The American edition has been carefully edited by well-known scholars, and to each of the volumes an introduction has been written by the American editor. In these introductions the general views of the American churches are carefully presented on all points in which they disagree with Dr. Meyer. Wherever the author takes radical grounds on questions of the date, authorship, or doctrinal meanings, of the New Testament writings, the editors present in the body of the work the more orthodox position. We do not like this method of dealing with works of this nature. They ought to be presented only in the name of the author, and with no attempt to correct or revise their doctrinal positions. Those who are capable of using such works are capable of making their own

* American Political Ideas, Viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History. By John Fiske. \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers.
† John Marshall. By Allan B. Magruder. \$1.25. (American Statesmen.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* Meyer's Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the New Testament. I.—II. Corinthians. American editor, Talbot W. Chambers, D.D. The Gospel of John. American editor, Prof. A. C. Kendrick. The Gospel of Matthew. American editor, George R. Crooks, D.D. \$3 each. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

corrections and revisions. About the value of Meyer's work there can be no doubt; and it is very certain that no theological library is complete without it. He presents those facts of exegesis which permit the student to form his own conclusions on trustworthy and rational grounds. A comprehensive and unbiased presentation of such facts is the highest recommendation of a work of this kind.

Holland's "Rise of Intellectual Liberty."*

TO PRESENT the facts in the development of intellectual liberty is the task which Mr. Holland has set before himself. He has done this in a scholarly manner, as one who believes in his subject, and as the result of an assiduous study of the long period involved. The theme is one of great importance, and one to inspire an historian. It touches upon so much in the history of humanity that it really involves whatever is of most importance in the development of civilization. To rightly deal with such a theme, the clearest historic insight is needed, and a philosophic comprehension the most acute and profound. The modest purpose of Mr. Holland disarms his critic, for he has done all that he promised. That a work of a different kind could have been written on the subject he would be the first to admit, but he has kept closely to his own purpose. In one respect, however, it is to be said that he has not been altogether true to his declaration of impartiality. It is evident from the outset that Mr. Holland is not a believer in Christianity, and that he sees in its more churchly forms an enemy of intellectual liberty. He does not give sufficient credit to the influence of Jesus in the direction of liberty. As much was that influence necessary to the development of the intellectual liberty we now enjoy as was that of Greece. What Mr. Holland has done is to trace those causes which have been opposed to the idea of authority. In doing this he has made a book of much value, and which can be accepted as accurate and trustworthy. The most unsatisfactory part of his work is that in which he deals with the origin of Christianity and the mediæval church. In the chapters on the growth of dissent from the Catholic Church among the mystics and philosophers of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, he is at his best. His work is one to rouse new faith in intellectual liberty, and to make those who read it prize freedom of the soul above all things.

A Railroad Builder in Asia.†

MORE than any other factor, steam has been the potent means of England's commercial extension and supremacy. Not only do her steamers carry her guns or her manufactures to every port, but her railroads penetrate the continents. An iron road from Canton to Calcutta seems now within the ken of this century. A steel track from Peking to Paris—the chimera of to-day—may be the achievement of the Twentieth Century. Why do we imagine so? Because we have read 'Across Chrysê,' and 'Amongst the Shans.' Here is an engineer who has built roads in India and Burmah. He knows what they cost, what difficulties must be engineered over, and whether a road will pay when built. He made the overland journey from Canton to Rangoon. He spied out the land. He wants a road of steel to traverse the golden peninsula. He says it will pay, and we believe him. He is so sure it will declare dividends, that he urges the British to come in and build, before the French 'protect' and finally annex the fertile and populous territory. In this peninsula lie Burmah, Siam, Shan-land and Annam. Who shall possess the trade, if not the land? The Shan States lie between Burmah and Siam, touching China on the north. The Salween and Meikong rivers flow through their territory. Teak forests, spicy and aromatic tropical products, beds of metallic ore, and an interesting people

having letters and arts, are found in this region. The engineering difficulties are not great. Mr. Colquhoun's proposed line will run from Bangkok to the borders of Yunnan, the rich Chinese province. A short transverse branch will bring the Shan produce into British Burmah. Ships may thus load at Rangoon for Liverpool, avoiding the long detour around the Malay peninsula. Possibly they may go from Bangkok, through the projected canal to be cut in the Isthmus of Kraw.

Ahead of the explorer and merchant have gone the Christian heralds, and the author pays a merited tribute to the American missionaries among the Karens and Laos. He gives a straightforward account of his travels, and of the institutions of the Shans. Their social life, their women and children, the system of debt slavery, religion, personal and household decoration—all are described clearly and simply. The author has 'mounted' his narrative in the excellent style of one who is a good bookmaker, and not ashamed of the term. His friend Professor Terrien de la Couperie, who stands easily first in the study of Chinese antiquity, furnishes a valuable introduction of fifty-five pages. He shows that the cradle of the Shan race was in Northwestern China, and that they are one of the many tribes of the 'Land of Sinim.' This confirmation, from Chinese sources, of the native Shan traditions, and the opinion of the missionaries, is a brilliant fruit of research. Mr. Holt S. Hallet, who is versed in the obscurer parts of peninsular Chinese history, contributes a survey of the history of Upper and Lower Shan, showing their conquest by the Siamese. A good index, and fifty full-page illustrations, complete the outfit of this handsome and interesting book.

"The What-to-Do Club."*

MRS. CAMPBELL, in her admirable story for girls, has given them not only entertaining reading, but helpful hints for practically carrying out what is fortunately becoming a fashionable idea: that every girl, no matter what her position, should be fitted to do, as well as be, something—should be conscious of capacity in some direction, to serve her as a resource in trouble, a pleasure in prosperity. Mrs. Campbell does not assume to have covered the ground of all the employments open to young girls, and she has wisely omitted plaque-painting, tidy-embroidering, and a thousand other artistic pursuits, to which young girls are devoting themselves of their own accord and which they consequently know about. Her effort is rather to encourage a humbler class of work, always having in mind the great desirableness of a girl's being able to do what she undertakes without going away from home, and without answering the questionable advertisements that promise 'three to five dollars a day made at home.' The experiences recorded are all genuine experiences. The story opens picturesquely with a young girl helping her father, who is a carpenter, in his increasing feebleness, and finding herself qualified, when he is entirely disabled, to take his place, gradually developing unexpected skill in delicate wood-carving as she gains experience with the tools. The suspicious surprise with which even other women look upon new attempts of the sisterhood to earn a living, is well shown in the remark of Miss Dunbar's colored Linda, when she announces to Miss Dunbar that Sybil has presented herself to do the work which her father had been sent for: 'De carpenter's done come, an' a-waitin' at de do', Miss 'Lizabeth; but it's a new kind, and the curiousest thing I've seed yet. Is you a-comin', or shall it wait?' 'It?' repeats Miss Dunbar. 'Is it a machine?' 'Come an' see,' replies Linda, evidently under the impression that it must be. This is followed by examples, all founded upon fact, of young girls earning substantial profits from cultivating small fruits, canning or evaporating fruits, raising chickens, starting an apiary, keeping silkworms, making jelly, and taking boarders. Even an invalid

* The Rise of Intellectual Liberty. From Thales to Copernicus. By Frederic May Holland. \$3.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

† Amongst the Shans. By Archibald Ross Colquhoun. Illustrated. \$4.50. New York: Scribner & Welford.

* The What-to-Do Club. By Helen Campbell. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

girl can do something, as is shown in the case of the confirmed invalid who took to raising canaries. Besides these helpful hints, there is much pleasant story-telling in the book, which contains a good deal of quiet humor, and proves that, with the gift of true insight, everyone might learn to exclaim as Dorothy did: 'The idea of calling a village dull!'

Some Recent Theological Books.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER'S 'Apostolic Life, as Revealed in the Acts of the Apostles' (Funk & Wagnalls) is a series of lectures or sermons by which a hearer might be impressed, but which are not well adapted to a cool reading. Dr. Parker makes his exegesis subservient to the requirements of pulpit effectiveness, does not always shrink from fanciful interpretations, and, even in his most dogmatic moods, declaims somewhat unduly against dogma. For the rest, his peculiar force and his peculiar weaknesses, both in style and in thought, are well enough known. The insertion of prayers between the lectures does not commend itself to our taste. We have sought in vain for any indication that the author has been consulted with reference to this edition of the book.—'THE REALITY OF RELIGION,' by Rev. Dr. H. J. Van Dyke, Jr.—pastor of the 'Brick Church' in this city (\$1. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons),—is a collection of six good sermons on the subjects of the 'Necessity of a Real Religion,' 'The Living God,' 'The Living Soul,' 'The Living Word,' 'The Living Sacrifice,' and 'The Living Christ'; but the best part of the book is found in the six pages of introduction, where the problem is stated, and the reader's interest imperatively bespoken.

'THE LESSON COMMENTARY on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1885' is prepared by Rev. Drs. John H. Vincent and J. L. Hurlbut, and is probably the best single volume available for Sunday-school teachers and Bible-class scholars. (New York: Phillips & Hunt.) The text of the New Testament lessons is given in both the Authorized and Revised Versions, the commentary is eclectic (much better on the New Testament Lessons than on the old), and several fairly serviceable maps and plans are prefixed.—THE venerable Dr. W. H. Furness brings out a little volume entitled 'The story of the Resurrection of Christ Told Once More.' (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) He holds to the resurrection of Jesus as a historical fact, the chief peculiarity of his view being the theory that the 'angel' seen at the sepulchre was Jesus himself. Besides this, the book contains papers on the character of Jesus and on various historical problems of the gospels. These are thoughtful rather than vigorous, and contain some things which must sound rather antiquated to the progressive school of Unitarians.

OTHER reissues of books already known are the following: (1) 'The Mystery of the Kingdom' (3d edition, Whittaker), by Andrew Jukes, who has not succeeded in convincing us that his mystical interpretation of the Books of Kings is either legitimate or profitable; and (2) 'The Divine Law as to Wines, Established by the Testimony of Sages, Physicians and Legislators Against the Use of Fermented and Intoxicating Wines, Confirmed by Egyptian, Greek and Roman Methods of Preparing Unfermented Wines for Festal Medicinal and Sacramental Uses,' by Dr. G. W. Samson. As a piece of special pleading, in astounding literary form and based on sadly inadequate scholarship, this book is noteworthy. It would probably not be a waste of money for judicious friends of temperance to buy up the edition and suppress it. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

'THE CHURCH AND THE ERA,' by the Rev. Dr. B. Franklin (E. & J. B. Young & Co.), is a forcible little book, setting forth the opportunities of the Protestant Episcopal

Church in America in the present age. It points out clearly some defects in the practical workings of other denominations, and portrays with enthusiasm the adaptiveness of that which it represents to the demands of the time. We trust it may prove a sharp stimulus, both to that particular church and—whether directly or indirectly—to the other Christian bodies of the country. For we should be surprised if even those whom Dr. Franklin criticises were not incited to fresh energy by any great, thorough, forward movement in his own Church.

'CHRISTIAN TRUTH and Modern Opinion,' a series of sermons preached in New York by Episcopal clergymen eleven years ago, appears in a fourth edition. (Thomas Whitaker). There are seven of these sermons, all earnest, broad in spirit and firm in conviction; by far the strongest of them being that on 'Moral Responsibility and Physical Law,' by the late Dr. E. A. Washburn. The present edition has a preface by Dr. Hugh Miller Thompson.

Recent Fiction.

It was beginning to seem possible that Mr. Norris would never again give us anything quite so good as the 'Matrimony' which was rejoiced over as the promise of a new story-teller; but the short stories collected under the title 'A Man of his Word' (Franklin Square Library) are all worth reading, and the one which gives its name to the collection is perfectly delightful. It is full of the keen but genial cynicism which was so enjoyable in the popular novel; an ingenious *ruse* is the keynote to the plot, and the heroine is an enchantingly impertinent young creature, who likes conservatives principally because they are not radical, and who perpetrates sundry jokes, practical and spiritual, upon the father who is a 'man of his word,' which we defy the strongest advocates of filial obedience not to enjoy.

MURDERS are always welcome—in literature; and we take up 'Great Porter Square,' by B. L. Farjeon (Franklin Square Library), with a pleased sense of enjoyment on finding it is all about a murder. It does not turn out to be a very good murder, for the detective part of the story is very intricate, and there are too many detectives on the track for one to understand quite clearly what part each one plays. There was always a thread of which we never lost hold in following all the windings of Monsieur Lecoq till we gained the secret of the labyrinth; but one puts down 'Great Porter Square' knowing, indeed, at last, who was the murderer, but not quite clear how he was found out after all; and it really does seem as if there were an unnecessary number of very disagreeable people concerned in the story.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT has already proved herself a most acceptable writer, in prose and verse, for young people. The latest story for girls, 'Doris and Theodora' (Porter & Coates), is a very good thing for girls to like if they do like it; but it must be confessed that the story is very, very long, not to say tedious, and it is not easy to see what it is all about, except that the scene is laid in the island of Santa Cruz about forty years ago, and that the story aims to reproduce a phase of life which has entirely passed away.

Mr. Comstock and "The Arabian Nights."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

WHILE no one will deny that Mr. Anthony Comstock has done much good work in securing the conviction of the publishers of filthy literature, the honest student and lover of what is really meritorious occasionally feels an intense indignation, and a healthy desire to curtail his high-handed officiousness. His last ill-judged and exasperating act is the suppression of Mr. Payne's beautiful translation of 'The Arabian Nights,' which is published in London under the

auspices of the Villon Society, and republished here by subscription by Mr. Worthington. To those who have been so fortunate as to secure the first two volumes, the book is an invaluable literary prize. No such scholarly production has appeared for many years. The exquisite Arabic poetry, the idiomatic reproduction, the foot-notes, and the very beautiful English, are simply charming. The literal translation of what Mr. Comstock would call the 'objectionable passages' possesses only prurient interest for the person of evil mind, and the language chosen when a definition is needed is that of the oldest English poets. It is unnecessary to argue, as has been the fashion, that there are other classics which are more objectionable—that even the Bible is quite as full of 'licentious' passages. Mr. Comstock and his Society of old gentlemen who attend the yearly meetings know this; but why should a book sold only by subscription and read only by persons of mature minds be placed upon the same plane with the nauseous obscenity which is quite properly seized? It is to be hoped that during this legislative session the present laws shall be so amended as to exempt certain classics from seizure, and that the wings of that notorious censor, Mr. Comstock, may be clipped. VILLON.

To the Clouds.

UNCERTAIN and deceitful clouds! which change,
Letting each wilful wind remould your form,
Emblems of fickleness the skies ye range,
Smile with the calm, and threaten with the storm;
Blush with the sun-set, pale with the pale moon—
Mourners at midnight, revellers at noon—
Have ye no thread of thought which change survives
And gives connection to your varying lives?
Ye have. Through every change, by night or day,
There lurks some hint of your o'erturning gray—
Else how could I so love you? Am not I,
Like you, a child of nature's changing sky?
There's not an influence the world contains
But seizes on me as its proper prey,
The play-thing of its pleasures and its pains;
But soon they loose their hold and fade away:
My heart returns to its inherent hue—
Alas, too sombre; and I fear, like you,
Which on the eternal blue no foot-prints leave,
So I, when death my fabric shall unweave,
Shall leave no trace upon Thought's sky serene,
To show where an unquiet soul hath been.

ALGERNON SYDNEY LOGAN.

The Lounger

THERE are those who contend that while the American has humor he lacks wit, and who point to the infrequency in the United States of the neatly barbed and deftly rhymed epigram as a proof of the alleged deficiency. But here is a recent American epigram not lacking in conciseness, which I hope I may print without forfeiting the good will of the paper that rhymes with *hap*:

Mishap:
Dropped Puck,
Bought Snap—
Got stuck!

THE author of 'Trajan' cannot complain that his novel is not thoroughly advertised. His publishers have done all that is usual for publishers to do, and have even pressed the perambulating 'sandwich' into their service. At almost any hour of the day you may meet a squad of these slow but sure-footed men, strolling along Broadway with the legend 'Trajan' blazoned in bold black letters on their backs and breasts. If Cassell & Co. are going to advertise their next novel in this way, the combination will be amusing. They have just announced for early publication a story by Maurice Thompson called 'At Love's Extremes.' I think there would be a sensation in Broadway the day an army of 'sandwiches' thus labelled marched solemnly down that thoroughfare.

A FRENCHMAN who read the letter from Victor Hugo's secretary printed in last week's CRITIC writes: 'I observe that M. Lesclide spells Mme. Adam's name Lambert—with a *z*. It should be Lamber. You know that Théophile Gautier swore in five dead languages when he found his name printed Gauthier—with an *h*. The addition of *t* to Lamber or of *h* to Gautier, to designate Théo or Juliette, is sacrilegious!'

ANYONE who doubts that he is public-spirited, or whose friends are disposed to question the fact, can dispel all doubts on the subject by subscribing \$5 to the Statue of Liberty Pedestal Fund. Such a subscription will, according to a circular signed by William M. Evarts, Richard Butler and Henry F. Spaulding, entitle the doubter to a handsome certificate, 'in which his public spirit will be attested to by the autograph signatures of the officers of this committee.' Here is an excellent chance to help a good cause and get a 'karak'ter' at the same time and with the same cheque. I hope 20,000 people will avail themselves of it.

THE editor of a literary paper in the West has sent a 'specimen copy' of his publication to Emile Zola, and has received an autograph letter of thanks from the Apostle of Naturalism. He reprints this letter in a circular, and favors his readers with a translation of it. The readers of a literary journal might perhaps be thought to be able to perform that office for themselves; but M. Zola writes in a dialect of his own—or else the printers have betrayed him; for the second sentence of this letter is worded as follows: 'Le numero que j'ai pariouru un a semblé excellent.' This the editor has taken the liberty to translate in this wise: 'The number which I have perused is in every way excellent.' But what can one do, who has such orthography and accentuation to contend with?

REPLYING, in German, to the compliments paid him by his admirers at the Thalia Theatre, at the close of his engagement there last week, Herr Sonnenthal said: 'You know we have a saying in Germany, "Out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh." This is good,—some old German proverb, I suppose! I wonder what German classic Herr Sonnenthal would first turn to, if he wished to lay his finger on the quotation. And I wonder if he ever heard of a book called the Bible, and if he did, whether he thinks it originated in the Fatherland.'

MR. WINTER has written, Mr. De Vinne has printed, and Mr. Coombes has published, a most interesting little book of criticisms on the performances of Mr. Henry Irving in this country. When I saw these long and carefully prepared articles filling whole columns of the *Tribune*, I thought it was a great pity that so much good work should be ephemeral, for a newspaper is dead to the world the day after it is printed. I suppose others felt the same about these essays, and so they have been collected, revised, and embalmed in a form that never dies. The book is a complete record of Mr. Irving's American tours, and is illustrated with portraits of that actor and of Miss Ellen Terry.

Henry Irving's Address at Harvard.

[Reprinted from *The New York Tribune*.]

I AM deeply sensible of the compliment that has been paid, not so much to me personally as to the profession I represent, by the invitation to deliver an address to the students of this university. As an actor, and especially as an English actor, it is a great pleasure to speak for my calling in one of the chief centres of American culture; for in inviting me here to-day you intended, I believe, to recognize the drama as an educational influence, to show a genuine interest in the stage as a factor in life which must be accepted and not ignored by intelligent people. I have thought that the best use I can make of the privilege you have conferred upon me is to offer you, as well as I am able, something like a practical exposition of my art; for it may chance—who knows?—that some of you may be disposed to adopt it as a vocation. Not that I wish to be regarded as a tempter who has come among you to seduce you from your present studies by artful pictures of the fascinations of the footlights. But I naturally supposed that you would like me to choose, as the theme of my address, the subject in which I am most interested, and to which my life has been devoted; and that if any students here should ever determine to enter the dramatic profession, they could not be much the worse for the information and counsel I could gather for them from a tolerably extensive experience. This subject will, I trust, be welcome to all of you who are interested in the stage as an institution which appeals to the sober-minded and

intelligent, for I take it that you have no lingering prejudice against the theatre, or else I should not be here. Nor are you disposed, like certain good people, to object to the theatre simply as a name. These sticklers for principle would never enter a playhouse for worlds, and I have heard that in a famous city of Massachusetts, not a hundred miles from here, there are persons to whom the theatre is unknown, but who have no objection to see a play in a building which is called a museum, especially if the vestibule leading to the theatre should be decorated with sound moral principles in the shape of statues, pictures, and stuffed objects in glass-cases.

When I began to think about my subject for the purpose of this address, I was rather staggered by its vastness. It is really a matter for a course of lectures; but as President Eliot has not proposed that I should occupy a chair of dramatic literature in this university, and as time and opportunity are limited, I can only undertake to put before you, in the simplest way, a few leading ideas about dramatic art which may be worthy of reflection. And in doing this I have the great satisfaction of appearing in a model theatre before a model audience, and of being the only actor in my own play. Moreover, I am stimulated by the atmosphere of the Greek drama, for I know that on this stage you have enacted a Greek play with remarkable success. So, after all, it is not a body of mere tyros that I am addressing, but actors who have worn the sock and buskin, and declaimed the speeches which delighted audiences two thousand years ago.

Now, this address, like discourses in a more solemn place, falls naturally into divisions. I propose to speak first of the Art of Acting; secondly, of its Requirements and Practice; and lastly, of its Rewards. And, at the outset, let me say that I want you to judge the stage at its best. I do not intend to suggest that only the plays of Shakspeare are tolerable in the theatre to people of taste and intelligence. The drama has many forms—tragedy, comedy, history—pastoral, pastoral-comical,—and all are good when their aim is honestly artistic.

THE ART OF ACTING.

Now, what is the art of acting? I speak of it in its highest sense, as the art to which Roscius, Betterton, and Garrick owed their fame. It is the art of embodying the poet's creations, of giving them flesh and blood, of making the figures which appeal to your mind's eye in the printed drama live before you on the stage. 'To fathom the depths of character, to trace its latent motives, to feel its finest quiverings of emotion, to comprehend the thoughts that are hidden under words, and thus possess one's self of the actual mind of the individual man'—such was Macready's definition of the player's art, and to this we may add the testimony of Talma. He describes tragic acting as 'the union of grandeur without pomp and nature without triviality.' It demands the endowment of high sensibility and intelligence.

The actor who possesses this double gift (says Talma) adopts a course of study peculiar to himself. In the first place, by repeated exercises, he enters deeply into the emotions, and his speech acquires the accent proper to the situation of the personage he has to represent. This done, he goes to the theatre, not only to give theatrical effect to his studies, but also to yield himself to the spontaneous flashes of his sensibility and all the emotions which it involuntarily produces in him. What does he then do? In order that his inspirations may not be lost, his memory, in the silence of repose, recalls the accent of his voice, the expression of his features, his action—in a word, the spontaneous workings of his mind, which he had suffered to have free course, and, in effect, everything which in the moments of his exaltation contributed to the effect he had produced. His intelligence then passes all these means in review, connecting them and fixing them in his memory to re-employ them at pleasure in succeeding representations. These impressions are often so evanescent that on retiring behind the scenes he must repeat to himself what he has been playing rather than what he has to play. By this kind of labor the intelligence accumulates and preserves all the creations of sensibility. It is by this means that at the end of twenty years (it requires at least this length of time) a person destined to display fine talent may at length present to the public a series of characters acted almost to perfection.

You will readily understand from this that to the actor the well-worn maxim that art is long and life is short has a constant significance. The older we grow the more acutely alive we are to the difficulties of our craft. I cannot give you a better illustration of this fact than a story which is told of Macready. A friend of mine, once a dear friend of his, was with him when he played Hamlet for the last time. The curtain had fallen, and the great actor was sadly thinking that the part he loved so much would

never be his again. And as he took off his velvet mantle and laid it aside, he muttered almost unconsciously the words of Horatio, 'Good night, sweet Prince;' then turning to his friend, 'Ah,' said he, 'I am just beginning to realize the sweetness, the tenderness, the gentleness of this dear Hamlet.' Believe me, the true artist never lingers fondly upon what he has done. He is ever thinking of what remains undone; ever striving toward an ideal it may never be his fortune to attain.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

We are sometimes told that to read the best dramatic poetry is more educating than to see it acted. I do not think this theory is very widely held, for it is in conflict with the dramatic instinct, which everybody possesses in a greater or less degree. You never met a playwright who could conceive himself willing—even if endowed with the highest literary gifts—to prefer a reading to a playgoing public. He thinks his work deserving of all the rewards of print and publisher, but he will be much more elated if it should appeal to the world in the theatre as a skilful representation of human passions. In one of her letters George Eliot says: 'In opposition to most people who love to read Shakspeare, I like to see his plays acted better than any others; his great tragedies thrill me, let them be acted how they may.' All this is so simple and intelligible that it seems scarcely worth while to argue that in proportion to the readiness with which the reader of Shakspeare imagines the attributes of the various characters, and is interested in their personality, he will, as a rule, be eager to see their tragedy or comedy in action. He will then find that very much which he could not imagine with any definiteness presents new images every moment—the eloquence of look and gesture, the inexhaustible significance of the human voice.

There are people (as I have said elsewhere) who fancy they have more music in their souls than was ever translated into harmony by Beethoven or Mozart. There are others who think they could paint pictures, write poetry, in short, do anything, if they only made the effort. To them what is accomplished by the practised actor seems easy and simple. But as it needs the skill of the musician to draw the full volume of eloquence from the written score, so it needs the skill of the dramatic artist to develop the subtle harmonies of the poetic play. In fact, to *do* and not to *dream*, is the mainspring of success in life. The actor's art is to act, and the true acting of any character is one of the most difficult accomplishments. I challenge the acute student to ponder over Hamlet's renunciation of Ophelia—one of the most complex scenes in all the drama—and say that he has learned more from his meditations than he could be taught by players whose intelligence is equal to his own. To present the man thinking aloud is the most difficult achievement of our art. Here the actor who has no real grip of the character, but simply recites the speeches with a certain grace and intelligence, will be untrue. The more intent he is upon the words, and the less on the ideas that dictated them, the more likely he is to lay himself open to the charge of mechanical interpretation. It is perfectly possible to express to an audience all the involutions of thought, the speculation, doubt, wavering, which reveal the meditative but irresolute mind. As the varying shades of fancy pass and re-pass the mirror of the face, they may yield more material to the studious playgoer than he is likely to get by a diligent poring over the text. In short, as we understand the people around us much better by personal intercourse than by all the revelations of written words—for words, as Tennyson says, 'half reveal and half conceal the soul within,'—so the drama has, on the whole, infinitely more suggestion when it is well acted than when it is interpreted by the unaided judgment of the student. It has been said that acting is an unworthy occupation because it represents feigned emotions, but this censure would apply with equal force to poet and novelist. Do not imagine that I am claiming for the actor sole and undivided authority. He should himself be a student, and it is his business to put into practice the best ideas he can gather from the general current of thought with regard to the highest dramatic literature. But it is he who gives body to those ideas—fire, force, and sensibility, without which they would remain for most people mere airy abstractions.

It is often said that great actors trust to the inspiration of the moment. Nothing can be more erroneous. There will, of course, be such moments, when an actor at a white heat illumines some passage with a flash of imagination (and this mental condition, by the way, is impossible to the student sitting in his arm-chair); but the great actor's surprises are generally well weighed, studied, and balanced. We know that Edmund Kean constantly practised before a mirror effects which startled his

audience by their apparent spontaneity. And it is the accumulation of such effects which enables an actor, after many years, to present many great characters with remarkable completeness.

I do not want to overstate the case, or to appeal to anything that is not within common experience, so I can confidently ask you whether a scene in some great play has not been vividly impressed on your minds by the delivery of a single line, or even of one forcible word. Has not this made the passage far more real and human to you than all the thought you have devoted to it? An accomplished critic has said that Shakspeare himself might have been surprised had he heard the 'Fool, fool, fool!' of Edmund Kean. And though all actors are not Keans, they have in varying degree this power of making a dramatic character step out of the page, and come nearer to our hearts and our understanding.

After all, the best and most convincing exposition of the whole art of acting is given by Shakspeare himself: 'To hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form, and pressure.' Thus the poet recognized the actor's art as a most potent ally in the representation of human life. He believed that to hold the mirror up to nature was one of the worthiest functions in the sphere of labor, and actors are content to point to his definition of their work as the charter of their privileges.

PRACTICE OF THE ART.

The practice of the art of acting is a subject difficult to treat with the necessary brevity. Beginners are naturally anxious to know what course they should pursue. In common with other actors I receive bushels of letters from young people, many of whom are very earnest in their ambition to enter the dramatic profession, but not sufficiently alive to the fact that success does not depend on a few lessons in declamation. When I was a boy I had a habit which I think would be useful to all young students. Before going to see a play of Shakspeare's I used to form, in a very juvenile way, a theory as to the working out of the whole drama, so as to correct my conceptions by those of the actors, and though I was, as a rule, absurdly wrong, there can be no doubt that any method of independent study is of enormous importance, not only to youngsters, but also to students of a larger growth. Without it the mind is apt to take its stamp from the first forcible impression it receives, and to fall into a servile dependence upon traditions, which, robbed of the spirit that created them, are apt to be purely mischievous. What was natural to the creator is often unnatural and lifeless in the imitator. No two people form the same conceptions of character, and, therefore, it is always advantageous to see an independent and courageous exposition of an original ideal. There can be no objection to the kind of training that imparts a knowledge of manners and customs; and the teaching which pertains to simple deportment on the stage is necessary and most useful; but you cannot possibly be taught any tradition of characters, for it has no permanence. Nothing is more fleeting than any traditional method of impersonation. You may learn where a particular personage used to stand on the stage, or down which trap the ghost of Hamlet's father vanished, but the soul of interpretation is lost, and it is this soul which the actor has to recreate for himself. It is not mere attitude or tone that has to be studied; you must be moved by the impulse of being; you must impersonate and not recite.

There has always been a controversy as to the province of naturalism in dramatic art. In England it has been too much the custom, I believe, while demanding naturalism in comedy, to expect a false inflation in tragedy. But there is no reason why an actor should be less natural in tragic than in lighter moods. Passions vary in expression according to molds of character and manners, but their reality should not be lost when they are expressed in the heroic forms of the drama. A very simple test is a reference to the records of old actors. What was it in their performances that chiefly impressed their contemporaries? Very rarely the measured recitation of this or that speech, but very often a simple exclamation that deeply moved their auditors, because it was a gleam of nature in the midst of declamation. The 'Prithce, undo this button!' of Garrick was remembered when many stately utterances were forgotten. In our day the contrast between artificial declamation and the accents of nature is less marked because delivery is more uniformly simple, and an actor who lapses from a natural into a false tone is sure to find that his hold upon his audience is proportionately weakened. But the revolution which Garrick accomplished may be imagined from the story told by Boswell. Dr. Johnson was discussing plays and players with Mrs. Siddons, and he said: 'Garrick, madam, was no declaimer; there was

not one of his own scene-shifters who could not have spoken "To be or not to be" better than he did; yet he was the only actor I ever saw whom I could call a master, both in tragedy and comedy; though I liked him best in comedy. A true conception of character and natural expression of it were his distinguished excellences.'

THE 'TOUCH OF NATURE' ON THE STAGE.

To be natural on the stage is most difficult, and yet a grain of nature is worth a bushel of artifice. But you may say—what is nature? I quoted just now Shakspeare's definition of the actor's art. After the exhortation to hold the mirror up to nature, he adds the pregnant warning: 'This overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.' Nature may be overdone by triviality in conditions that demand exaltation; for instance, Hamlet's first address to the ghost lifts his disposition to an attitude far beyond the ordinary reaches of our souls, and his manner of speech should be adapted to this sentiment. But such exaltation of utterance is wholly out of place in the purely colloquial scene with the gravedigger. When Macbeth says, 'Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, she strike upon the bell,' he would not use the tone of:

Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye
That tears shall drown the wind.

Like the practised orator, the actor rises and descends with his sentiment, and cannot always be in a fine frenzy. This variety is especially necessary in Shakspeare, whose work is essentially different from the classic drama, because it presents every mood of mind and form of speech, commonplace or exalted, as character and situation dictate; whereas in such a play as Addison's 'Cato' everybody is consistently eloquent about everything.

There are many causes for the growth of naturalism in dramatic art, and amongst them we should remember the improvement in the mechanism of the stage; for instance, there has been a remarkable development in stage-lighting. In old pictures you will observe the actors constantly standing in a line, because the oil-lamps of those days gave such an indifferent illumination, that everybody tried to get into what was called the focus—the 'blaze of publicity' furnished by the 'float' or footlights. The importance of this is illustrated by an amusing story of Edmund Kean, who one night played 'Othello' with more than his usual intensity. An admirer who met him in the street next day was loud in his congratulations: 'I really thought you would have choked Iago, Mr. Kean—you seemed so tremendously in earnest.' 'In earnest!' said the tragedian, 'I should think so! Hang the fellow, he was trying to keep me out of the focus!'

I do not recommend actors to allow their feelings to carry them away like this; but it is necessary to warn you against the theory expounded with brilliant ingenuity by Diderot, that the actor never feels. When Macready played 'Virginus' after burying his beloved daughter, he confessed that his real experience gave a new force to his acting in the most pathetic situations of the play. Are we to suppose that this was a delusion, or that the sensibility of the man was a genuine aid to the actor? Bannister said of John Kemble that he was never pathetic because he had no children. Talma says that when deeply moved he found himself making a rapid and fugitive observation on the alteration of his voice, and on a certain spasmodic vibration it contracted in tears. Has not the actor who can thus make his feelings a part of his art an advantage over the actor who never feels, but makes his observations solely from the feelings of others? It is necessary to this art that the mind should have, as it were, a double consciousness, in which all the emotions proper to the occasion may have full swing, while the actor is all the time on the alert for every detail of his method. It may be that his playing will be more spirited one night than another. But the actor who combines the electric force of a strong personality with a mastery of the resources of his art, must have a greater power over his audiences than the passionless actor who gives a most artistic simulation of the emotions he never experiences.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ELOCUTION.

Now, in the practice of acting, one most important point is the study of elocution; and in elocution another great difficulty is the use of sufficient force to be generally heard without being unnaturally loud, and without acquiring a stilted delivery. The advice of the old actors was that you should always pitch your

voice as to be heard by the back row of the gallery—no easy task to accomplish without offending the ears of the front row of the orchestra. I never knew an actor who brought this art to greater perfection than the late Charles Mathews, whose utterance on the stage was so natural that it was surprising to find that he was really speaking in a very loud key. There is a great actor in your own country to whose elocution one always listens with the utmost enjoyment—I mean Edwin Booth. He has inherited this gift, I believe, from his famous father, of whom I have heard it said, that he always insisted on a thorough use of the 'instruments'—by which he meant the teeth—in the formation of words. An imperfect elocution is apt to degenerate into a monotonous uniformity of tone. Some wholesome advice on this point we find in the 'Life of Betterton,' one of the greatest of actors:

'This stiff uniformity of voice is not only displeasing to the ear, but disappoints the effect of the discourse on the hearers; first, by an equal way of speaking, when the pronunciation has everywhere, in every word and every syllable, the same sound, it must inevitably render all parts of speech equal, and so put them on a very unjust level. So that the power of the reasoning part, the lustre and ornament in the figures, the heart, warmth and vigor of the passionate part, being expressed all in the same tone, is flat and insipid, and lost in a supine, or at least unmusical, pronunciation. So that, in short, that which ought to strike and stir up the affections, because it is spoken all alike without any distinction or variety moves them not at all.'

On the question of pronunciation there is something to be said which, I think, in ordinary teaching is not sufficiently considered. Pronunciation should be simple and unaffected, but not always fashioned rigidly according to a dictionary standard. No less an authority than Cicero points out that pronunciation must vary widely according to the emotions to be expressed; that it may be broken or cut, with a varying or direct sound, and that it serves for the actor the purpose of color to the painter, from which to draw variations. Take the simplest illustration:—The formal pronunciation of 'A-h' is 'Ah,' of 'O-h' is 'Oh'; but you cannot stereotype the expression of emotion like this. These exclamations are words of one syllable, but the speaker who is sounding the gamut of human feeling will not be restricted in his pronunciation by the dictionary rule. It is said of Edmund Kean that he never spoke such ejaculations, but always sighed or groaned them. Fancy an actor saying, 'My Desdemona! Oh, oh, oh!' Words are intended to express feelings and ideas, not to bind them in rigid fetters; the accents of pleasure are different from the accents of pain, and if a feeling is more accurately expressed, as in nature, by a variation of sound not provided for by the laws of pronunciation, then such imperfect laws must be disregarded and nature vindicated.

The force of an actor depends of course upon his physique, and it is necessary, therefore, that a good deal of attention should be given to bodily training. Everything that develops suppleness, elasticity, and grace—that most subtle charm—should be carefully cultivated, and in this regard your admirable gymnasium is worth volumes of advice. Sometimes there is a tendency to train the body at the expense of the mind, and the young actor, with striking physical advantages, must beware of regarding this fortunate endowment as his entire stock-in-trade. That way folly lies, and the result may be too dearly purchased by the fame of a photographer's window. It is clear that the physique of actors must vary; there can be no military standard of proportions on the stage. Some great actors have had to struggle against physical disabilities of a serious nature. Betterton had an unprepossessing face; so had Le Kain. John Kemble was troubled with a weak, asthmatic voice, and yet, by his dignity and the force of his personality, he was able to achieve the greatest effects. In some cases, a superabundant physique has incapacitated actors from playing many parts. The combination in one frame of all the gifts of mind and all the advantages of person is very rare on the stage; but talent will conquer many natural defects when it is sustained by energy and perseverance.

GESTURE AND BY-PLAY.

With regard to gesture, Shakspeare's advice is all-embracing. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of nature. And here comes the consideration of a very material part of the actor's business—by-play. This is of the very essence of true art. It is more than anything else significant of the extent to which the actor has identified himself with the character he represents. Recall the scenes between Iago and Othello, and consider how the whole interest of the situation depends on the

skill with which the gradual effect of the poisonous suspicion instilled into the Moor's mind is depicted in look and tone, slight of themselves, but all contributing to the intensity of the situation. One of the greatest tests of an actor is his capacity for listening. By-play must be unobtrusive; the student should remember that the most minute expression attracts attention; that nothing is lost, that by-play is as mischievous when it is injudicious as it is effective when rightly conceived, and that while trifles make perfection, perfection is no trifle. It is most important that an actor should learn that he is a figure in a picture, and that the least exaggeration destroys the harmony of the composition. All the members of the company should work toward a common end, with the nicest subordination of their individuality to the general purpose. Without this method a play when acted is at best a disjointed and incoherent piece of work, instead of being a harmonious whole, like the fine performance of an orchestral symphony.

The root of the matter is that the actor must before all things form a definite conception of what he wishes to convey. It is better to be wrong and be consistent, than to be right, yet hesitating and uncertain. This is why great actors are sometimes very bad or very good. They will do the wrong thing with a courage and thoroughness which make the error all the more striking; although when they are right they may often be superb. It is necessary that the actor should learn to think before he speaks. Let him remember first, that every sentence expresses a new thought, and therefore frequently demands a change of intonation; secondly, that the thought precedes the word. Of course, there are passages in which thought and language are borne along by the stream of emotion and completely intermingled. But more often it will be found that the most natural, the most seemingly accidental, effects are obtained when the working of the mind is seen before the tongue gives it words. This lesson was enjoined on me when I was a very young man by that remarkable actress, Charlotte Cushman. I remember that when she played Meg Merrilies I was cast for Henry Bertram, on the principle seemingly that an actor with no singing voice is admirably fitted for a singing part. It was my duty to give Meg Merrilies a piece of money, and I did it after the traditional fashion by handing her a large purse full of coin of the realm, in the shape of broken crockery, which was generally used in financial transactions on the stage, because when the virtuous maiden rejected with scorn the advances of the lordly libertine, and threw his pernicious bribe upon the ground, the clatter of the broken crockery suggested fabulous wealth. But after the play, Miss Cushman, in the course of some kindly advice, said to me, 'Instead of giving me that purse, don't you think it would have been much more natural if you had taken a number of coins from your pocket and given me the smallest? That is the way one gives alms to a beggar, and it would have added greatly to the realism of the scene.' I have never forgotten that lesson, for simple as it was, it contained many elements of dramatic truth.

You will see that the limits of an actor's studies are very wide. To master the technicalities of his craft, to familiarize his mind with the structure, the rhythm, and the soul of poetry, to be constantly cultivating his perceptions of life around him and of all the arts—painting, music, sculpture—for the actor who is devoted to his profession is susceptible to every harmony of color, form and sound,—to do all this is to labor in a very large field of industry. But all your training, bodily and mental, is subservient to the two great principles in tragedy and comedy—passion and geniality. Geniality in comedy is one of the rarest gifts. Think of the rich unctious of Falstaff, the mercurial fancy of Mercutio, the witty vivacity and manly humor of Benedick—think of the qualities, natural and acquired, that are needed for the portrayal of such characters, and you will understand how difficult it is for a comedian to rise to such a sphere. In tragedy, passion or intensity sweeps all before it, and when I say passion, I mean the passion of pathos as well as wrath or revenge. These are the supreme elements of the actor's art, which cannot be taught by any system, however just, and to which all education is but tributary.

TRUTHFUL STAGE PICTURES.

Now, all that can be said of the necessity of a close regard for nature in acting applies with equal or greater force to the presentation of plays. You want above all things to have a truthful picture which shall appeal to the eye without distracting the imagination from the purpose of the drama. It is a mistake to suppose that this enterprise is comparatively new to the stage. Since Shakspeare's time there has been a steady progress in this direction. Even in the poet's day every conceivable property

was forced into requisition, and his own sense of shortcomings in this respect is shown in 'Henry V.' when he exclaims:

Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
The name of Agincourt.

There have always been critics who regarded care and elaboration in the mounting of plays as destructive of the real spirit of the actor's art. Betterton had to meet this reproach when he introduced scenery in lieu of linsey-woolsey curtains; but he replied sensibly enough that his scenery was better than the tapestry with hideous figures worked upon it, which had so long distracted the senses of play-goers. He might have asked his critics whether they wished to see Ophelia played by a boy of sixteen, as in the time of Shakspeare, instead of a beautiful and gifted woman. Garrick did his utmost to improve the mechanical arts of the stage—so much so, indeed, that he paid his scene-painter, Louthenbourg, £500 a year, a pretty considerable sum in those days—though in Garrick's time the importance of realism in costumes was not sufficiently appreciated to prevent him from playing Macbeth in a bag-wig. To-day we are employing all our resources to heighten the picturesque effects of the drama, and we are still told that this is a gross error. It may be admitted that nothing is more objectionable than certain kinds of realism, which are simply vulgar; but harmony of color and grace of outline have a legitimate sphere in the theatre, and the method which uses them as adjuncts may claim to be 'as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.' For the abuse of scenic decoration, the overloading of the stage with ornament, the subordination of the play to a pageant, I have nothing to say. This is all foreign to the artistic purpose which should dominate dramatic work. Nor do I think that servility to archaeology on the stage is an unmixed good. Correctness of costume is admirable and necessary up to a certain point, but when it ceases to be 'as wholesome as sweet,' it should, I think, be sacrificed. You perceive that the nicest discretion is needed in the use of the materials which are nowadays at the disposal of a manager. Music, painting, architecture, the endless variations of costume, have all to be employed with a strict regard to the production of an artistic whole, in which no element shall be unduly obtrusive. We are open to microscopic criticism at every point. When 'Much Ado About Nothing' was produced at the Lyceum, I received a letter complaining of the gross violation of accuracy in the scene which was called a cedar-walk. 'Cedars!' said my correspondent, 'why, cedars were not introduced into Messina for fifty years after the date of Shakspeare's story!' Well, this was a tremendous indictment, but unfortunately the cedar-walk had been painted. Absolute realism on the stage is not always desirable, any more than the photographic reproduction of Nature can claim to rank with the highest art.

THE REWARDS OF THE ART.

To what position in the world of intelligence does the actor's art entitle him, and what is his contribution to the general sum of instruction? We are often told that the art is ephemeral; that it creates nothing; that when the actor's personality is withdrawn from the public eye, he leaves no monument. Granted that his art creates nothing; but does it not often restore? It is true that he leaves nothing like the canvas of the painter and the marble of the sculptor, but has he done naught to increase the general stock of ideas? The astronomer and naturalist create nothing, but they contribute much to the enlightenment of the world. I am taking the highest standard of my calling, for I maintain that in judging a profession, you should consider its noblest and not its most ignoble products. All the work that is done on the stage cannot stand upon the same level, any more than all the work that is done in literature. You do not demand that your poets and novelists shall all be of the same calibre. An immense amount of good writing does no more than increase the gayety of mankind, but when Johnson said that the gayety of nations was eclipsed by the death of Garrick, he did not mean that a mere barren amusement had lost one of its professors. When Sir Joshua Reynolds painted Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, and said he had achieved immortality by putting his name on the hem of her garment, he meant something more than a pretty compliment, for her name can never die. To give genuine and wholesome entertainment is a very large function of the stage, and without that entertainment very many lives would lose a stimulus of the highest value. If recreation of every legitimate kind is invaluable to the worker, especially so is the recreation of the drama, which brightens his faculties, enlarges his vision of the picturesque, and by taking him for a time out of this work-a-day world, braces his sensibilities for the labors of life.

A MEDIUM FOR THE DIFFUSION OF GREAT IDEAS.

The art which does this may surely claim to exercise more than a fleeting influence upon the world's intelligence. But in its highest developments it does more; it acts as a constant medium for the diffusion of great ideas, and by throwing new lights upon the best dramatic literature, it largely helps the growth of education. It is not too much to say that the interpreters of Shakspeare on the stage have had much to do with the wide-spread appreciation of his works. Some of the most thoughtful students of the poet have recognized their indebtedness to actors, while for multitudes the stage has performed the office of discovery. Thousands who flock to-day to see a representation of Shakspeare, which is the product of much reverent study of the poet, are not content to regard it as a mere scenic exhibition. Without it Shakspeare might have been for many of them a sealed book; but many more have been impelled by the vivid realism of the stage to renew studies which other occupations or lack of leisure have arrested. Am I presumptuous, then, in asserting that the stage is not only an instrument of amusement, but a very active agent in the spread of knowledge and taste? Some forms of stage-work, you may say, are not particularly elevating. True; and there are countless fictions coming daily from the hands of the printer and publisher which nobody is the better for reading. You cannot have a fixed standard of value in any art, and, though there are masses of people who will prefer an unintelligent exhibition to a really artistic production, that is no reason for decrying the theatre, in which all the arts blend with the knowledge of history, manners and customs of all people, and scenes of all climes, to afford a varied entertainment to the most exacting intellect. I have no sympathy with people who are constantly anxious to define the actor's position, for, as a rule, they are not animated by a desire to promote his interests. 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus; and whatever actors deserve, socially, or artistically, they are sure to receive as their right. I read the other day in a well-circulated little volume that the actor is a degraded being because he has a closely shaven face. This is, indeed, humiliating, and I wonder how it strikes the Roman Catholic clergy. However, there are actors who do not shave closely, and though, alas! I am not one of them, I wish them joy of the spiritual grace which I cannot claim.

It is admittedly unfortunate for the stage that it has a certain equivocal element, which, in the eyes of some judges, is sufficient for its condemnation. The profession is open to all, and it has to bear the sins of people who have no real claim to belong to it. You may open your newspaper and see a paragraph headed, 'Assault by an Actress.' Some poor creature is dignified by that title merely because she has been associated with some kind of show. You look into a shop window and see photographs of certain people who are indiscriminately described as actors and actresses, though their business has no pretence to be art of any kind.

I was told in Baltimore of a man in that city who was so diverted by the performance of Tyrone Power, the popular Irish comedian, that he laughed uproariously till the audience was convulsed with merriment at the spectacle. As soon as he could speak he called out: 'Do be quiet, Mr. Showman; do hold your tongue, or I shall die of laughter!' This idea that the actor is a showman still lingers, but no one with any real appreciation of the best elements of the drama applies this vulgar standard to a great body of artists. The fierce light of publicity that beats upon us makes us liable, from time to time, to dissertations upon our public and private lives, our manners, our morals and our money. Our whims and caprices are descanted on with apparent earnestness of truth and seeming sincerity of conviction. There is always some lively controversy concerning the influence of the stage. The battle between old methods and new in art is waged everywhere. If an actor were to take to heart everything that is written and said about him his life would be an intolerable burden. And one piece of advice I should give to young actors is this: Don't be too sensitive; receive praise or censure with modesty and patience.

Good, honest criticism is, of course, most advantageous to an actor, but he should save himself from the indiscriminate reading of a multitude of comments, which may only confuse instead of stimulating. And here let me say to young actors in all earnestness: Beware of the loungers of the profession, the camp-followers who hang on the skirts of the army, and who inveigle the young into habits that degrade their character and paralyze their ambition. Let your ambition be ever precious to you, and, next to your good name, the jewel of your souls. I care nothing for the actor who is not always anxious to rise to the highest position in his particular walk; but this ideal cannot be cher-

ished by the young man who is induced to fritter away his time and his mind in thoughtless company.

THE PROFESSION STEADILY GROWING IN CREDIT.

But in the midst of all this turmoil about the stage, one fact stands out clearly: The profession is steadily growing in credit with the educated classes. It is drawing more recruits from those classes. The enthusiasm for our calling has never reached a higher pitch. There is quite an extraordinary number of ladies who want to become actresses, and the cardinal difficulty in the way is not the social deterioration which some people think they would incur, but their inability to act. Men of education who adopt the dramatic profession do not find that their education is useless. If they have the necessary aptitude, the inborn instinct for the stage, all their mental training will be of great value to them. It is true that there must always be grades in the theatre; that an educated man, who is an indifferent actor, can never expect to reach the front rank. If he do no more than figure in the army at Bosworth Field, or look imposing in a doorway; if he never play any but the smallest parts; if in these respects he be no better than men who could not pass an examination in any branch of knowledge—he has no more reason to complain than the highly educated man who longs to write poetry, and possesses every qualification save the poetic faculty. There are people who seem to think that only irresistible genius justifies any one in adopting the stage as a vocation. They make it an argument against the profession that many enter it from a low sphere of life, without any particular fitness for acting, but simply to earn a livelihood by doing the subordinate and mechanical work which is necessary in every theatre. And so men and women of refinement—especially women—are warned that they must do themselves injury by passing through the rank and file during their term of probation in the actor's craft. Now, I need not remind you that on the stage everybody cannot be great, any more than students of music can all become great musicians, but very many will do sound artistic work which is of enormous value. As for any question of conduct, Heaven forbid that I should be dogmatic, but it does not seem to me logical that while genius is its own law in the pursuit of a noble art, all inferior merit or ambition is to be deterred from the same path by appalling pictures of its temptations.

If our art is worth anything at all, it is worth the honest, conscientious self-devotion of men and women who, while they may not achieve fame, may have the satisfaction of being workers in a calling which does credit to many degrees of talent. We do not claim to be any better than our fellows in other walks of life. We do not ask the jester in journalism whether his quips and epigrams are always dictated by the loftiest morality; nor do we insist on knowing that the odor of sanctity surrounds the private lives of lawyers and military men before we send our sons into law and the army. It is impossible to point out any vocation which is not attended by temptations that prove fatal to many; but you have simply to consider whether a profession has in itself any title to honor, and then—if you are confident of your capacity—to enter it with a resolve to do all that energy and perseverance can accomplish. The immortal part of the stage is its nobler part. Ignoble accidents and interludes come and go, but this lasts on forever. It lives, like the human soul, in the body of humanity—associated with much that is inferior and hampered by many hindrances,—but it never sinks into nothingness, and never fails to find new and noble work in creations of permanent and memorable excellence.

And I would say, as a last word, to the young men in this assembly who may at any time resolve to enter the dramatic profession, that they ought always to fix their minds upon the highest examples; that in studying acting they should beware of prejudiced comparisons between this method and that, but learn as much as possible from all; that they should remember that art is as varied as nature, and as little suited to the shackles of a school; and, above all, that they should never forget that excellence in any art is attained only by arduous labor, unswerving purpose and unflinching discipline. This discipline is, perhaps, the most difficult of all tests, for it involves the subordination of the actor's personality in every work which is designed to be a complete and harmonious picture. Dramatic art nowadays is more coherent, systematic, and comprehensive than it has sometimes been. And to the student who proposes to fill the place in this system to which his individuality and experience entitle him, and to do his duty faithfully and well, ever striving after greater excellence, and never yielding to the indolence that is often born of popularity—to him I say, with every confidence, that he will choose a career in which, if it does not lead him to fame, he will be sustained by the honorable exercise of some of the best faculties of the human mind.

And now I can only thank you for the patience with which you have listened while in a slight and imperfect way I have dealt with some of the most important of the actor's responsibilities. I have been an actor for nearly thirty years, and what I have told you is the fruit of my experience, and of an earnest and conscientious belief that the profession, to which I am proud to belong, is worthy of the sympathy and support of all intelligent people.

Current Criticism

'PROSE MASTERPIECES':—The idea embodied in these three volumes is so good, that we wonder how it has happened not to have been hit upon before; and the wonder finds justification in the fact that the special literary nuisance which the editor sets himself to remedy, has been denounced both privately and publicly again and again. Books of prose selections, skilfully or unskilfully compiled, from the works of a single writer or of many writers, have of late years become increasingly numerous; and while these productions have differed in many ways, they have had in common one irritating peculiarity. Each has been a mass of *dissecta membra*,—of fragmentary pages, or paragraphs, or sentences divorced from their context,—of strips with frayed edges torn from some sumptuously-patterned fabric, which must be seen in its smooth expanse or in its stately folds, if it is to be seen at all. In the matter of poetry, more sensible counsels have prevailed; fatuous and foolish books like Dodd's 'Beauties of Shakspeare' have given place to really characteristic selections, in which the poet is introduced to strangers mainly by complete reproductions of his briefer works, the longer poems, which do not admit of such reproduction, being either altogether ignored or utilized with apologetic sparingness; but in the region of prose the ruthless mutilators have worked their wicked will, and the present editor is the first to raise the standard against them. May he bear it on to victory.
—*The Spectator*.

OLD LIBRARIANS:—The old Librarian was a peculiar character, as these officials are apt to be. They have a curious kind of knowledge, sometimes immense in its way. They know the backs of books, their title-pages, their popularity or want of it, the class of readers who call for particular works, the value of different editions, and a good deal besides. Their minds catch up hints from all manner of works on all kinds of subjects. They will give a visitor a fact and a reference which they are surprised to find they remember and which the visitor might have hunted for a year. Every good librarian, every private book-owner, who has grown into his library, finds he has a bunch of nerves going to every bookcase, a branch to every shelf, and a twig to every book. These nerves get very sensitive in old librarians, sometimes, and they do not like to have a volume meddled with any more than they would to have their naked eyes handled. They come to feel at last that the books of a great collection are a part, not merely of their own property, though they are only the agents for their distribution, but that they are, as it were, outlying portions of their own organization.
—*Dr. Holmes, in The Atlantic*.

Notes

A PLAN has been matured for a series of Authors' Readings in aid of the Copyright League and the International Copyright movement, to take place at the Madison Square Theatre, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on April 28th, 29th and 30th. Five or six authors will read each day. The arrangements (and the tickets) are in charge of a committee of ladies, among whom are Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. John Jay, Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, and Mrs. Frederick Jones. W. D. Howells, S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), C. D. Warner, Edward Eggleston, and Frank R. Stockton have already agreed to take part. Further particulars will be announced soon.

—Mr. Irving's admirable Harvard address, which will be found in this week's CRITIC, quite justifies the unprecedented act of the management of the University in inviting the distinguished actor to address the students at that seat of learning on the subject of the actor and his art. The address was delivered on Monday evening last. President Eliot was present, and an audience of 2000 persons packed the theatre.

—According to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Matthew Arnold was asked to accept the Merton Professorship of English Literature at Oxford, a post worth \$4500 a year. He declined, however, as he wishes to be free to devote himself to his literary occupations.

—'One of the Duanes,' a story of military life, the scene of which is chiefly laid in Florida, has just left the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co. The author is Mrs. Alice King Hamilton.

—'Bric-à-Brac Tales' is the catching title of a book on which Mrs. Burton Harrison has been at work for some time, and which will soon be finished. It is a collection of original stories, each relating to a different European country, and supposed to be told by a piece of bric-à-brac peculiar to the country in which the scene is laid. The manuscript is sent in instalments to Mr. Walter Crane, in London, by whom the book is to be illustrated. It is to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—In 1883, the American publishers issued 3481 books, the German, 14,802; in 1884, the American 4088, the German 15,607.

—'Chinese Gordon: The Uncrowned King,' is the title of a small paper-covered ribbon-tied book, by Laura C. Holloway, which Funk & Wagnalls have just issued. It is a compilation from Gordon's private letters of his sentiments regarding life, duty, and religion.

—Dr. Allibone is writing for the *Observer* on 'The Bacon-Shakespeare Folly.'

—Besides the articles by General McClellan and Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, on the Peninsular Campaign, in the *May Century*, there will be contributions from two other ex-Confederate officers, supplementing General Johnston's paper. Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, who took the temporary command of the forces opposed to McClellan after General Johnston was wounded at Seven Pines, has written a description of the second day's fight at Seven Pines. Gen. John D. Imboden contributes a paper of 'Incidents of the Battle of Manassas,' in which his battery took a prominent part about the Henry house.

—Mr. F. Marion Crawford has just completed a new novel, 'Zoroaster the Prophet,' which he has placed in the hands of Macmillan & Co. for immediate publication. It is his sixth.

—The Century Co. are about to erect a large building at the corner of Lafayette Place and Fourth Street to accommodate the printing establishment of Theodore L. De Vinne & Co., printers of *The Century* and *St. Nicholas*.

—*Literary Life* announces a series of twelve anonymous articles, each by a different writer, and promises \$500 to the person who correctly guesses the authorship of the whole number.

—'Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian Dispute,' by Bvt.-Brigadier-General Theo. F. Rodenbough, a concise account of Russia's advance in the direction of British India, together with a description of the approaches to Afghanistan, and of the country and its people, and a statement of the available military resources of the contending powers, with maps corrected to date and illustrations, will soon be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—An article on D. Ridgway Knight, in the *April Art Amateur*, is copiously illustrated by drawings from that clever artist's pencil.

—*The Current* has secured the services of Professor David Swing as a special editorial contributor.

—The Boston *Home Journal* is about to publish a series of 'Brownlow Papers,' by Willis Boyd Allen, describing the adventures of a quiet Boston family, of moderate means, on its first visit to Europe.

—Ensign Harlow, of the Greely relief expedition, has written for the *May Century* a paper on 'Lieutenant Greely at Cape Sabine.'

—We see by *The Publishers' Weekly* that Mr. C. A. Montgomery, who was for some years with Fords, Howard & Hulbert, has gone into the publishing business on his own account, and has purchased the plates of 'Goodholme's Domestic Cyclopædia,' formerly issued by Henry Holt & Co. The style of the new firm will be C. A. Montgomery & Co., and their address 7 Murray Street.

—To *Harper's Weekly* of March 28, Mr. Julian Magnus contributed a clever little parlor comedy called 'The Lost Bracelet.'

—We have received *Vick's Floral Guide*—an annual publication—and a select list from the catalogue of the Kissena Nurseries at Flushing.

—'We note in a Bath bookseller's catalogue,' says *The Pall Mall*, 'a copy of the suppressed Lytton Letters. It has been extra-illustrated, and a note gives the gratuitous information that 'this copy is one of two only that got in circulation before the order was issued to suppress them.' We think fifty would be nearer the mark. Is it not rather a daring thing to openly advertise for sale a book which has so recently been suppressed?'

—The appointment of Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson, of the University of Wisconsin, to be United States Minister at Denmark, is a compliment to literature, to education, and to the Independent Republicans; for Prof. Anderson, besides being a Mugwump—the first who has received an appointment at President Cleveland's hands,—is a well-known writer on subjects relating to Scandinavian literature. Amongst the books that bear his name are 'Norse Mythology,' 'Viking Tales of the North,' 'The Younger Edda,' 'The Elder Edda,' and 'America not Discovered by Columbus.'

—Three pages of the Bryennios Manuscript, reproduced by photography from the original text, and edited with notes by J. Rendel Harris, Associate Professor of New Testament Greek and Paleography at Johns Hopkins, are about to be published by that University.

—A translation of Mr. H. C. Bunner's novel, 'A Woman of Honor,' is now appearing weekly in the German edition of *Puck*. A French translation of it is in preparation. An edition of Mr. Bunner's verses, 'Airs from Arcady,' has been purchased by Mr. Charles Hutt, the London publisher of books in fine editions. Mr. Hutt not only uses the printed sheets, but takes the volume in the American binding.

—The 'Old South' Memorial Addresses delivered last October have been issued in pamphlet form by Cupples, Upham & Co. The volume contains Hamilton A. Hill's discourse on Joshua Storrow and John Alden, and Rev. George E. Ellis's address on Chief-Justice Sewall.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 912.—1. Where can I find the poem 'You Know You Do?' It begins:

When some one's step comes up the walk.

2. Where can Lady Lytton's Autobiography, mentioned in your issue of Oct. 25, 1884, be bought, and what is the price?

CHEBOYGAN, MICH.

A. L. F.

[The book has been suppressed.]

No. 913.—Can anyone tell who is the author of a book named 'Up-Country Letter's?' Julian Hawthorne says it was a favorite of his father's, and it is certainly a delightful book. The title-page is as follows: 'Up-Country Letters, edited by Prof. B.—, National Observatory. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1882.'

HANOVER, N. H.

E. R.

[The Messrs. Appleton do not remember the author's name.]

No. 914.—Have the 'Barchester' series of novels ever been republished in this country? They are not contained in the 'complete' edition of Trollope's works, and I have for several years tried in vain to procure a set for a public library.

MADISON, WIS.

A.

No. 915.—1. From whom can I obtain the following works, and at what prices? 'Discovery of a New World,' by John Wilkins, D.D. (London). 'Worlds Beyond the Earth,' by Montagu Lyon Phillips (London). 'Scientific Certainties of Planetary Life' (London, 1855). 'Electricity, with an Argument Touching the Stars and their Inhabitants' (London, 1860). Translation of 'La Pluralité des Mondes Habités,' by C. Flammarion. 'Unity of Worlds,' by Baden Powell (London). 'The Universe No Desert,' by William Williams (Boston). 'Plurality of Worlds,' by Alexander Maxwell (London, 1820). 'The Heavenly Bodies,' by William Miller (London, 1883). 'The Planets: Are they Inhabited Worlds?' by Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D. (London, 1854). 'A New System of Planetary Life,' by Robert Harrington (London, 1796). 'The Celestial Worlds Discovered, or Conjectures Concerning the Inhabitants, Plants and Productions of the Worlds in the Planets,' by Christian Huygens (London, 1732). 'The Existence of Other Worlds Peopled with Living and Intelligent Beings,' by A. Copeland (London, 1884). 'Attempt to Show How Far the Philosophical Notion of a Plurality of Worlds is Consistent with the Scriptures,' by E. Naves (London, 1801). Or any other works on life in other worlds, or plurality of worlds. Name titles and authors.—What was the ancestry, and what the business or profession, of Charles Marseilles, Esq., of New York, to whom 'Tamoc Caspina' (the Rev. Jacob Duché, Assistant Minister of Christ Church and St. Peter's, Philadelphia, and first Chaplain of Congress), addressed a series of letters, afterward (1774) published in book form.

EXETER, N. H.

CHARLES MARSEILLES.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN, and as often to those who refuse to contemplate their possibility as to those who know they are probable and therefore provide against them. The ostrich policy of shutting one's eyes and refusing to face the inevitable is unworthy a man; the sensible and rational way is to acknowledge their likelihood, and provide for self and family by a policy in THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn., which will grant weekly indemnity for disabling injury, and guarantee principal sum in case of death.